

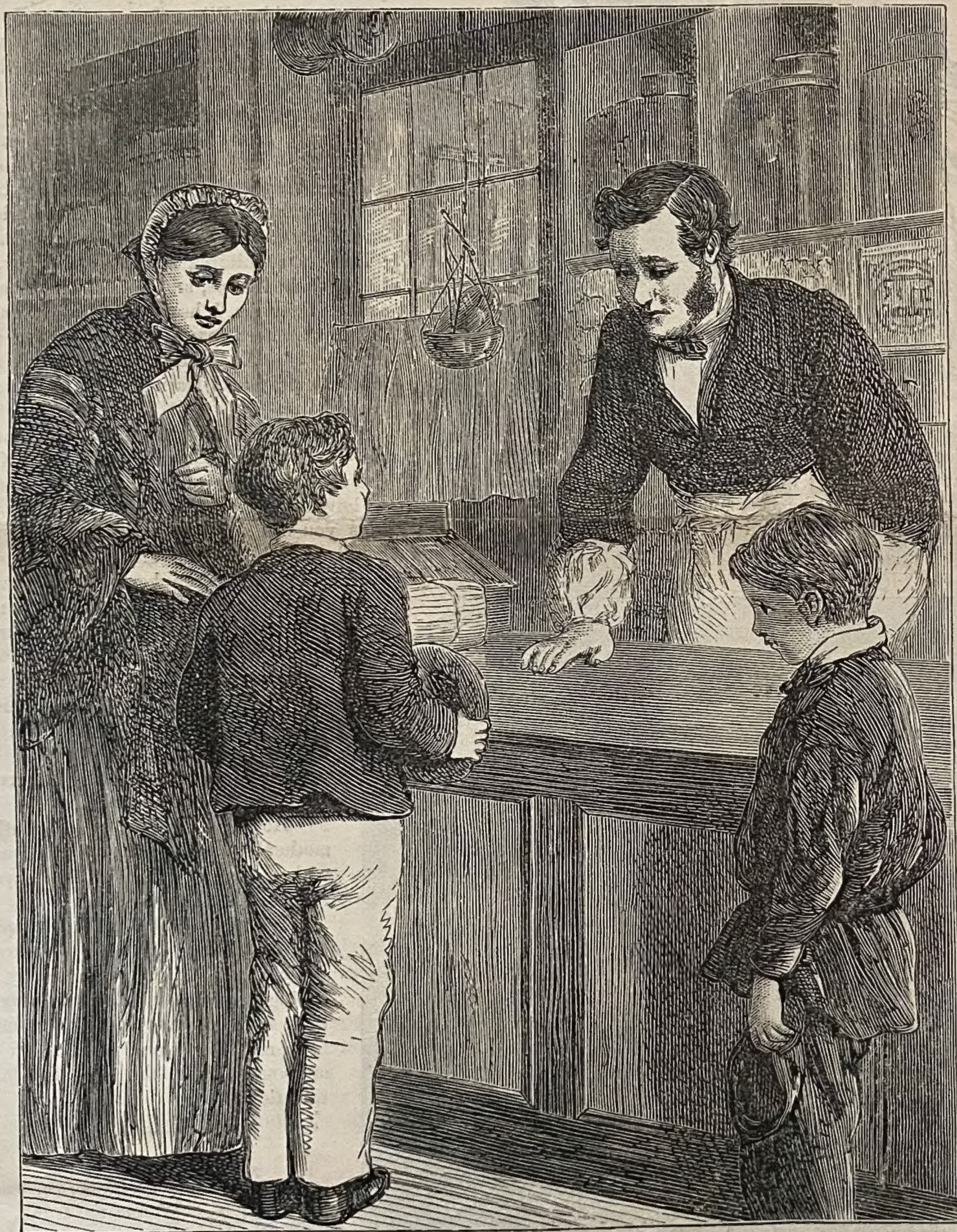


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"WANTED! A BOY WHO OBEYS HIS MOTHER."

A TRADESMAN once advertised in the morning papers for a boy to work in the shop, run errands, and make himself generally useful.

In a few hours the shop was thronged with boys of all ages, sizes, sorts and conditions, all wanting to find a situation.

The shopkeeper only wanted *one* boy, but how to get the right one was the great difficulty. He thought he must find some plan to lessen the number of applicants, and give him a better opportunity of selecting a good one. So he sent them *all* away, and thought the matter over a little. The next

morning the papers contained the following advertisement:—

"WANTED."

A BOY WHO OBEYS HIS MOTHER!

Now, then, thought the tradesman, I shall see soon who will apply. He also put a bill in his window with these words on. And how many do you suppose did come? The story is that there were only *two* of all the numerous boys seeking employment in that big city who felt that they could honestly come and say, "*I obey my mother.*"

The crowd of lads was indeed quickly thinned out most effectually, and the tradesman had not much trouble in selecting a boy.

Such boys as these — boys that obey their mothers — are in great demand. My little boy, if you saw an advertisement for such a boy could you truthfully go and offer yourself for the situation? If not, I fear there is something wrong about you. Look to the matter; seek the Lord's salvation; be an obedient son, and God will bless you.—*Selected.*

BENNY'S GOOD NIGHT.

"COME in, my dear Benny,
Come in to mamma;
Your night-lamp is lighted,
Yon bright little star.

"The birds are all nestled
So snugly to rest,
'Tis time my bird slumbered
Within his soft nest.

"Night's fast coming shadows
Warn good little boys
To give up their frolics,
And lay by their toys.

"The sun is reposing
On pillows of gold,
And soon gentle slumber
Will Benny enfold."

His loving prayer whispered,
He kisses good night,
And Benny sleeps sweetly
All through the long night.

Dewdrop.

MARTIN LUTHER.

BY COUSIN MARY.

"MOTHER," said Lizzie Rogers, "you promised to tell me about the grim old castle in the Thuringian forest, where Luther was a prisoner."

"But first, Lizzie dear, can you tell me who was Luther?" said Mrs. Rogers.

"I do not know much about him, mother," replied the child, "except that he was a very good man who was once a Catholic monk, but afterwards became a Protestant; and that he translated the Bible for the poor people who could only read in German."

"That is right, daughter; I am glad you know so much about the great Reformer as he is called; but now I want to tell you something about the early life of Luther. His father was a poor peasant who worked in the mines of Mansfeld, while his mother helped to support the family by carrying wood upon her shoulders; and little Martin Luther used to go about from door to door singing hymns, and then begging for a morsel of bread."

"How then did he ever become so wise as to translate the Bible?" said Lizzie.

"I will tell you," replied her mother. "Luther, even while a beggar, was ambitious to learn, and persevered in going to school, although he met with rough treatment there, and it is said, was once whipped fifteen times in one morning. While at school in Eisenach, he attended church regularly and sang there; a kind lady named Ursula Cotta was so much pleased with his good conduct, and so greatly admired his sweet voice, that she took him to her own home, and supported him until he was

eighteen years of age, when he went to the college of Erfurt, and grew to be a learned man."

"Was it afterwards that he became a monk?" said Lizzie, who was deeply interested in the account related by her mother.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Rogers; "sickness and trouble made him think that a convent was the happiest home, and he therefore entered the Augustinian Convent of Erfurt; following the example of the monks, who taught that the more humble and painful his life, the more pleasing it would be to God, he swept the floors, and became a porter, and even a beggar."

"And did Luther become happier then, mother?"

"No, dear; he saw that such menial acts did not make his heart any better, and that he was no holier shut up in a convent, beating and starving himself for his sins, than when usefully employed in the world. Fortunately, in the university library he found a copy of the Bible, which he studied, and there learned that his heart was full of evil, and continually leading him astray; and that it was only through the blood of Jesus Christ, that he could hope to have his sins forgiven."

"Then I suppose he did not care to live always in the convent?" said Lizzie.

"No; he afterwards became a Professor in the University of Wittenberg, where he explained the Bible to the students, and taught them that Catholic priests cannot forgive sins, but that God alone can pardon sinners. The priests were very angry with him then, and they made him appear before the Emperor Charles V., at a Council, or large gathering of people, in the city of Worms, and there told him to take back all he had said, and never to preach again as he had done."

"O, mother! I hope he did not mind the wicked people, if he was such a brave, good man!"

"No, indeed," replied Mrs. Rogers; "when his friends were afraid to have him go to the Council, he said he would do so, though 'there were as many devils there as there were tiles on the roofs of the houses;' and then, when he had to appear before the Emperor, the rich princes and nobles, the priests, and a great crowd of people besides, he was not at all afraid, but stood up boldly and bravely; telling them that he believed in the Bible, which taught that we must pray to God, and not mind popes or councils, when they direct us to act contrary to His holy Word."

"Did they punish Luther, mother, when he refused to say that he had preached or taught anything wrong?"

"Yes; the Emperor Charles V. said that he should no longer be a member of the Catholic Church, that no one should associate with him, and that all his writings should be burned. But poor Luther was brave and patient through all, and went quietly to the Castle of Wartburg, when taken prisoner. I once visited the castle, and was much interested in the old building, which has stood for eight hundred years. Luther commenced translating the Bible while there, and the guide showed us the room where he used to write, and also pointed out the black spots on the wall which came from the inkstand he is said to have thrown at the devil, when he appeared to him, and tried to tempt him to do wrong."

"You do not think that story is true, do you, mother?"

"No, my child, I do not believe that God ever

allows the devil to appear to us; but I suppose that Luther's evil heart tempted him to do wrong sometimes, just as wicked thoughts enter into our minds now, and perhaps he could not help thinking how much he had to suffer, for obeying the



MARTIN LUTHER.

voice of conscience. I can easily imagine, Lizzie, that after reading and writing constantly alone in his forest prison, he became nervous, and thus did really think that an evil spirit appeared to tempt him."

which to recollect Luther, that little by little, they have taken off all the wood-work which formed his bedstead and chair."

"That is too bad," said Lizzie, "I think the room ought to be left just as it was when Luther lived there. But did he stay there all the rest of his life?"

"No," said Mrs. Rogers, "he came out after ten months, and commenced again to preach and to teach, never ceasing his labors for Christ; and his last words were, 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, Thou faithful God.'"

"Was Luther never married, mother?"

"When he ceased to be a monk, he married a lady named Catharina von Bora, and he had three little sons, to one of whom he sent this letter, which I will read you."

"Mercy and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I am glad to hear that you learn your lessons well, and pray diligently. Go on, my child. When I come home I will bring you a pretty fairing. I know a very pretty, delightful garden, and in it there are a great many children, all dressed in little golden coats, picking up nice apples, and pears, and cherries, and plums, under the trees. And they sing and jump about, and are very merry; and beside, they have got beautiful little horses, with golden bridles and silver saddles. The gardener told me: 'These are children who love to pray, to learn their lessons, and to obey.' Then I said: 'Dear sir, I have a little son called Johnny Luther; may he come into this garden too?' And the man said: 'If he loves to pray and learn his lessons, and is good, he may.'"

"That is a very pretty letter, mother," said Lizzie. "How I should like to travel in Germany," she continued, "and see all the interesting places you have visited."

"Perhaps you will do so some day, my dear, and if you should ever be at the city of Worms, you will admire the beautiful monument erected in memory of the fearless man who was not afraid to speak the truth in opposition to the whole world. And never forget, dear daughter, that God still needs brave and fearless workers, who prize more than all earthly wealth and distinction the peace of conscience which is sure to be the reward of His service."

"How can children be like Luther, mother?" said Lizzie, as she gazed with a surprised but earnest expression into her mother's face.

"By never being afraid to speak the truth, my child. By earnestly studying the Bible, and obediently following its precepts; thus showing by their conduct that they are proud to be ranked as young soldiers in the army of Christ, the Captain of our salvation."

USEFUL TREES.

In Caracas, South America, grows the cow-tree. Wound the trunk, and out gushes an abundant supply of milk, so pure and sweet that the traveller need fear no harm from drinking freely of it. The milk of this tree unites all the qualities of our domestic animal, the cow, and in some countries of South America, entirely replaces it. The butter-tree supplies the negroes of the Niger with butter. Instead of using lard and other fatty substances,

so important in our house or kitchen economy, they prepare all their food with this "Shea butter," as it is called. It is sold abundantly in their markets; and lest this butter should become an article of



CASTLE OF WARTBURG.

"How much I should like to visit the castle, mother!"

"A great many people are interested to go there, and are so fond of carrying away something by

commerce, and thus divert the inhabitants from slave-hunting, the King of Dahomey has been induced by wicked men to order the destruction of all the butter-trees in his kingdom. So soon, however, as they are burned, they spring up again, and thus year after year they reappear, as if to remonstrate with these men for deliberately destroying a gift of nature.

Besides these there is the cinnamon-tree, extensively cultivated in Ceylon, and the nutmeg-tree, growing beneath the sun of India; its nuts forming an important article of commerce, because so frequently used in the preparation of our food.

Manna is the ready prepared sugar furnished by a tree. It runs and hardens on the trunk and branches of the flowering-ash, which is cultivated in Sicily, the white and sugary incrustations being collected or scraped off by means of a wooden knife. The manna used in medicine is principally procured from this tree.

The trunks and fruits of some curious trees are quite covered with a thick coat of wax, which is used for giving light, and other purposes. From the wax-palm, growing in the Andes, the savages remove the wax by rubbing it off as they climb the tree; and the wax of the candleberry-myrtle is extracted by simply boiling the fruit, the wax quickly rising to the top.

The French pine spreads its treasures over the once sterile heaths of Bordeaux; and the turpentine, which freely flows wherever an incision is made, is collected by the resin-gatherers,—active as monkeys,—in numberless cups suspended to the trunks of the trees.

The wood of the Canary Island pine is said to be almost imperishable, so that the houses of Teneriffe, built more than four centuries and a half ago, still look fresh and new. The pine-tree also flourishes abundantly in our Southern States, giving employment to numerous turpentine collectors, and forming an important article of our commerce.

The wonderful gutta-percha tree we must not overlook, for it has perhaps caused greater social changes in our land, and other lands too, than the gold of California, and is, I think, far more valuable. There is scarcely a home to whose comfort this tree has not contributed, and with many an imperishable toy it has furnished my juvenile friends. This tree belongs to a large family; some of them live in tropical Asia, others grow in South America.

Amongst the medicinal trees is the camphor-laurel, its brilliant and beautifully glazed green leaves ornamenting the sunny lands of India and Java. When the natives wish to obtain camphor, all they have to do is to break up the tree into small pieces, and heat these in water, when the precious essence condenses under the lid of the boiler.

Other and very many useful trees there are, but we will not speak of them now. We will stop and think of the goodness and wisdom of our great Creator. Ought we not to be very grateful to Him who provides so bountifully for all His creatures?

"WHAT are you good for?" said a gentleman to a little boy.

"Good to make a man of," was the little fellow's prompt reply. Expect to be men, boys; be manly, and hate everything mean.

"A PERSON converted in his youth," says John Angell James, "is like the sun rising on a summer's morning to shine all through the long bright day; but a person converted late in life is like the evening star, a lovely object of Christian contemplation, but not appearing until the day is closing, and then but for a little while."

JEMMY AND THE BUMBLE-BEE.

A BUMBLE-BEE, while buzzing round
One pleasant summer's day,
Came flitting o'er our garden-ground
Where golden blossoms lay;
With dainty tongue and busy wing,
From flower to flower went wandering.

With drowsy hum in flower's bell,
He sought his forage fair,
He dived him to its honey-cell,
And rolled in sweetness there:
A dewdrop served of drink instead;
And there he dined on honey-bread.

It chanced young Jemmy, playing there,
Saw Bumble-bee go by,
And, in his child's simplicity,
Mistook it for a fly;
Not knowing that such pretty flies
Have stings for all their enemies.

The glittering thing he grasped with glee;
But quickly did he get
Thrust in his hand, by Bumble-bee,
Its needle-bayonet.
With stamp and cries he ran to me
With bitter 'plaint of Bumble-bee.

Ah! heed, my boy, the lesson taught:
The flower may promise fair;
But sweets, alas! are dearly bought
When stings are hidden there.
No lasting joy earth's folly brings;
And Sin, like Bumble-bee, hath stings.

Sabbath at Home.



DAISY'S LESSON.

BY OLIO STANLEY.

It was a bright, summer day, and Daisy was out in the meadow, with her little willow basket, gathering flowers.

Red and blue and white, they grew all about her, looking like garlands in the soft grass, while over her head the willows dropped their slender green leaves upon her gold brown curls, crowning her like a tiny queen, there in the meadow.

Daisy had a very warm little heart; though a little guest she sometimes entertained, called pride, made her heart slip out of its right place once in a while. She was usually a very happy child, too, and the smiles that rippled over her little round face made one think of the sparkles of sunshine on a summer brook.

A very pleasant smile was on her face that morning, for she was making a bouquet for her own dear mother; and you and I, dear children, know right well how full the heart grows of delight, when we strive to do anything for the kind mother who has done for us through all the years of our young lives.

Daisy had her basket full, brimming over with dainty bits of color; and she sat down on the grass, just under the shade of a bending willow, to arrange the buds and blossoms in just the prettiest shape possible.

"There!" she said softly to herself, "that white daisy shall go in the middle, because that stands for me. I'm mamma's little daisy, you know," she added, looking up in the tree at a robin that was singing songs of praise in the sunshine.

Robin twittered his approval, and Daisy went on with her bouquet, her busy little fingers keeping time to his cheerful song.

"Let me smell?" said a sweet voice close by her, and Daisy turned, to see Janie Darrow standing beside her.

Daisy looked at the dirty, brown face, the hair in tangles, the bare, brown feet, still browner with patches of mud; and then at the soiled and ragged calico dress and her own pretty pink lawn lying close against each other, and then she jumped up with a spot of red burning angrily on either cheek.

"Go away, Janie Darrow! How dare you get against me with your ragged frock?"

The little brown face clouded over exactly as the little fair face had done, and the voice that had sounded so sweetly on the morning air, grew harsh in a minute.

"Yes, I'll go away, Daisy Percival; but I'll just remember that all there is beautiful about you is your pink dress! You've got a bad, hateful heart in your body, and your face isn't a bit prettier than my ugly brown one!"

Daisy would have replied just as angrily no doubt. The evil words were ready on her tongue, when she heard her mother's gentle voice behind her.

She sat down again, quite ashamed, while Mrs. Percival drew Janie toward her, and made her sit down with them on the grass.

"Daisy," she said slowly, "who made the flowers?"

"God," she answered softly.

"And why do you suppose He gave us these beautiful blossoms?" she asked again, lightly touching the bouquet.

"For us to enjoy, mamma."

"So that we shall love Him more, I guess," said Janie Darrow.

"You are both right, but Janie's answer is the best one. We should love Him better each day of our lives, for all the good and beautiful things He surrounds us with; but Daisy, my darling, I fear you have forgotten the way to show that love."

Daisy hung her head, but Janie said, "I'm real sorry I made her angry, but she had fixed the flowers so nice, I thought they must smell sweeter than those in the grass."

"Take them, Janie; I hope you will forgive me, too," said Daisy with one of her

own sunny smiles shining out through a mist of tears.

But Janie was weeping silently.

"What is the matter?" said Daisy moving a little nearer.

"Oh, I've got no mother to tell me how to be good," said Janie, still sobbing.

"You have a loving Father in heaven, Janie," said Mrs. Percival, "who is always ready to help you. Do you not remember that beautiful verse in the Bible, about the lilies of the field? If He clothes these frail blossoms in such loveliness, do you not believe He will clothe you with the rich garment of His grace, if you ask Him?"

"Oh, yes," said both little girls in a breath.

Then Mrs. Percival told them more about the loving Jesus, until their little hearts grew warm and tender, and when at last Daisy took her mother's hand and went home through the meadow, Janie fell on her knees and prayed; and though many years have passed since then, Daisy has never forgotten the lesson she learned that pleasant June day, out under the willows.

A GENTLEMAN asked an infant class, "What is meant by intercession?" After a pause, a bright-eyed little fellow, about six years old, replied, "It is speaking a word to God for us, sir."

